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## AN INDIAN FISHING CAMP IN BRITISH COLUMBIA.

The Rev. J. B. McCullagh, missionary of the Church Missionary Society at Aiyansh, writes to the *Gleaner* :—

The event of the year on the Nass river is the Indian spring-fishing. The Oolachan or Straik is a small fish somewhat resembling the sardine, but rather longer, and is chiefly caught for the sake of its oil. These fish usually reach the waters of the Nass in shoals, about the 14th of March, by which time the Indians are on the ground, assembled from all quarters of the country.

The principal camp lies about fifteen miles up the river, near the extreme limit of tide water, on a low strip of marshy land forming a bay at the base of the mountains, which rise up to the height of several thousand feet above it. Here are erected some hundreds of temporary sheds, mostly roofed with bark, in which four or five thousands Indians find shelter for the season.

The fishing operations are carried on by cutting holes in the ice, through which the nets are let down and drawn up again when filled, the fish being taken ashore by dogs and sleds.

Each man's fish are deposited in front of his house in a heap, where they are allowed to lie till about the middle of April, for, after the catch, the men have to go out on the coast, where the cedars are plentiful, in order to split boards for making boxes in which to store the grease. On their return, they make another expedition for fuel (this time up the river), which they stack up by their heaps of fish. They now begin to make preparations for boiling, by digging a trench, about 8ft. long and 2ft. deep and 3ft. wide, building up the sides with stones and clay to a foot above the ground, one end being open, and the other closed in by an arch, in which stands a small smoke stack or chimney.

A large wooden box, 6 ft. long by 3 ft. deep and wide, and perfectly water-tight, with a sheet-iron bottom, is now laid upon the walls of the trench, and well set in clay; it is then filled with water, and a fire is started in the trench beneath. When the water comes to a boil, a quantity of fish is thrown in, and again and again fish are added until the contents rise to within an inch of the top. A woman stands by with a wooden spade, stirring until the fish are boiled down to a mash, after which they are allowed to settle. The oil gathers on the surface, bright and clear, to the depth of an inch or more. The boiler is now skimmed with a large wooden scoop, and the grease poured into vessels set by for that purpose, in which it cools to the color and consistency of lard. The mash is then ladled into a large bark strainer, and pressed with a lever, the fluid extracted being returned to the boiler, and the refuse thrown away.

This boiling is carried on daily for three weeks or more, during which time the boxes are being made. Each box, with the exception of the bottom, is made of a single board, which is divided into four equal parts by three shallow grooves diametrically cut on the inner side, and bent over into square form by steaming, the open angle being secured by wooden pegs or nails. The bottom is then fitted tightly in, and the whole interior fortified against leakage by the application of a putty compounded of fish and decayed cotton-wood fibre. In these boxes the grease is finally stored, and being covered, and made secure by strips of bark, is ready either for sale or transit to the owner's village.

This grease, or dolk as it is called in Nishga, is, I believe, very good and useful if made in clear water when the fish are fresh. But it will be readily understood that if the fish have lain on the ground for three or four weeks, the oil extracted therefrom will hardly be either sweet or wholesome; and that during the boiling of the same it would not be a difficult matter to find a more odorous spot on earth than the Nass fishing camp. But even that may be a matter of opinion—*chacun a son goût!*

I now proceed to give a short account of my work in the camp during the months of April and May of 1890. On Thursday, April 17th, leaving Aiyansh at 9 a.m., we (that is, my wife, little daughter, and self) walked a little way down the ice to the open water, where our canoe was in readiness. Our camp equipment, provisions, and medicines having been previously put on board, we quickly made ourselves comfortable with wraps and furs, for a cold north wind was blowing, and though the day was fine, it was freezing hard. The country was still covered with snow, and large drifts of ice were here and there piled up in the shallows, and on the bars, glistening in the sun.

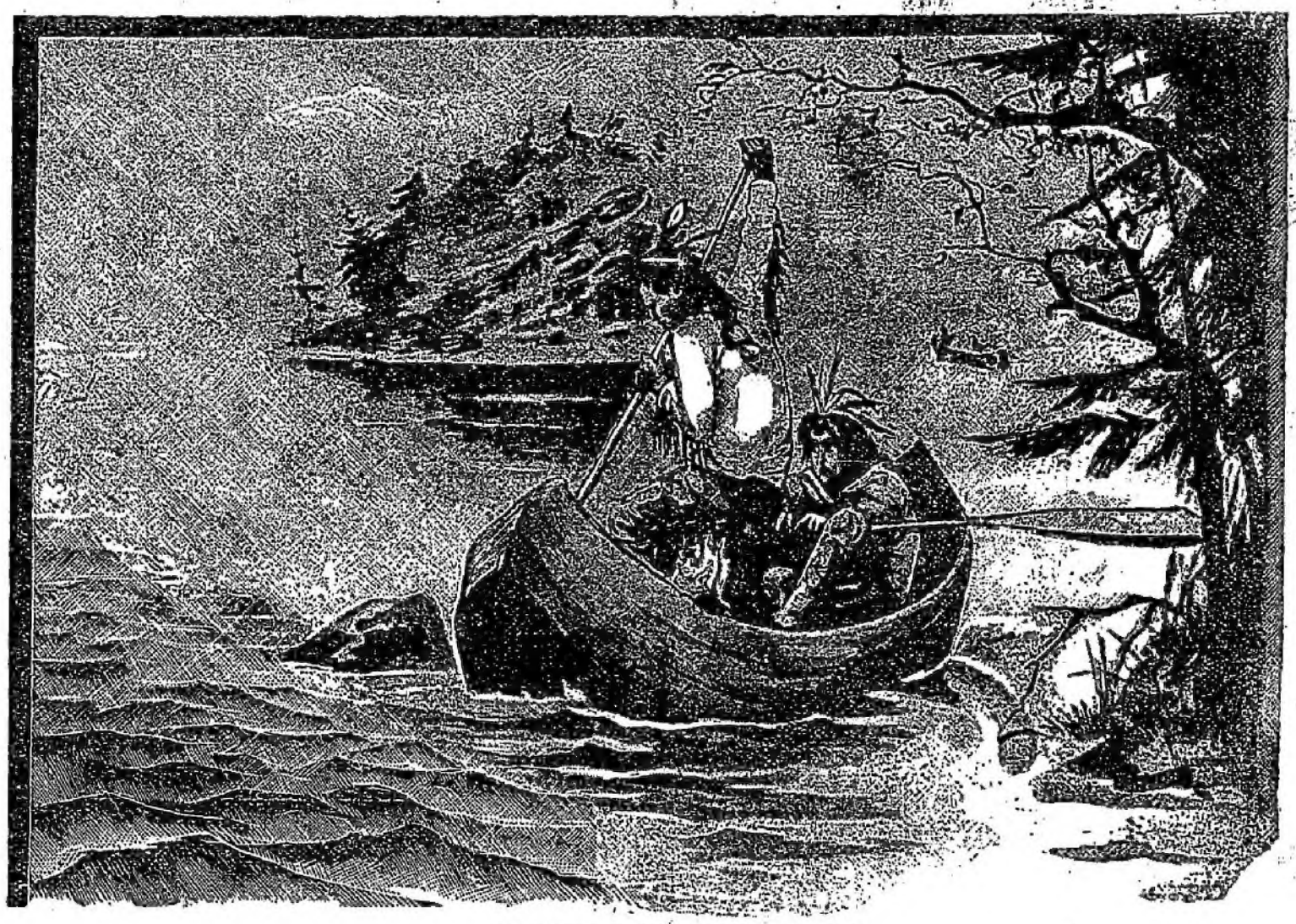
On either side of the river the mountains rose like towering battlements, white and radiant.

Occasionally our sailors would awaken the solitudes by striking their paddles against the gunwale of the canoe to disencumber them of the ice, a proceeding against which both squirrels and crested jays invariably protested by irately chattering at us from the adjacent trees.

About 1 o'clock, having lit our oil stove and made tea, we pulled into a sheltered spot and had some refreshment. On starting again we put up a sail, by the help of which we went spinning onwards.

Soon we reached the base of a large mountain where the river turns at right angles, and where twirled and crunched a vast accumulation of broken ice.

"Let us go right into it after this large piece," shouted Philip our captain, referring to an immense block of ice which crushed into the floe just in front of us. Accordingly in we went, sail and all, the ice immediately closing up behind us. But with the aid of long poles we soon worked a passage through. From this point we had a fair stretch of about fifteen miles to the fishing camp, which we reached at five o'clock in the evening, well pleased with with our trip, and thankful to our Heavenly



CANOEING IN THE WILD NORTH-WEST.

AUBERT GALLION QUE
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Father for his loving and never-failing care.

There is at the camp, a small unfurnished C. M. S. Mission-house, into which we straightway bundled our things. I then hastened off to see our old chief Abraham, who was lying in his fish house dangerously ill. I found him suffering from congestion of the lungs, complicated by another complaint peculiar to the Indians (milthalqu), really a bad bilious fever.

My entrance was greeted by an outburst of wailing from the women, Abraham ejaculating, "God is merciful in letting me see your face again. I had almost despaired, but my heart is strong now; I shall not die, but live"—unknowingly quoting Scripture.

What a miserable plight the poor man was in! No English farmer would keep his pigs in such a hovel; the would-be walls all open to the wind and weather; a large opening in the low leaky roof through which the smoke wriggled and struggled; the floor, a very bog, out of which the foul, black water oozed, and there lay my dear old friend on his couch of fir branches, wrapped in a few blankets. The sight quite unmanned me. I could only "hunker" down by his side in the silent sympathy of a breaking heart, while his horny hands held mine tremblingly and gratefully, the women standing round wailing, "*haiwa, haiwa!*" But something practical had to be done, and that quickly; so having spoken a few comforting words as I was able, I left to see about some medicine for him, though I hardly thought he could recover. But God's mercy is everlasting toward them that fear him.

The next morning, at 5.30, I was again by Abraham's side. He had been delirious during the night, but his temperature had gone down a little. After a hasty breakfast, I made a tour of the camp, visiting fifty or more houses, in each of which two or three persons were lying ill. What a spectacle of misery, helplessness, and utter wretchedness they presented! The grease had to be made, no matter who lived or died. Consequently, the weak and sick were, in most cases, left to the care of themselves, while the strong and healthy devoted all their attention and energy to the work out of doors. There they lay on the cold, damp ground, shivering by the smouldering embers of the fire, which had cooked the morning meal of the strong, in many cases too sick to care which way the current of life tended. My visit seemed to rouse their flagging spirits. Sometimes a poor smoke-dried old woman, too weak to work and too withered up to be sick, would extend her upturned hands towards me, shaking them entreatingly as she cried, "*Anhka, anhka, lthgolthqui, Nat*" ("Slave-master, slave-master (!) my child, sir".) Frequently the "child" indicated would turn out to be an old man or woman whose childhood was a thing of the remote past.

The next day (Saturday), in the afternoon, up came a pretty little steamer and hove-to in the bay in shapely style. It was our Bishop's steamer, the "Evangeline," with his Lordship on board, himself the captain.

Mr. Collison had also come up from Kincolith, so that we bade fair to have a good day on the morrow (Sunday).

The C.M.S. church at the camp partakes rather largely as yet of the shanty order of buildings; it is spacious enough, and the roof is good, but it still needs to be floored, lined, and seated. On the Sunday the church was well filled at three services; the Bishop, at the morning service, preached a splendid sermon in the native tongue, proceeding afterward to the communion. In the afternoon I preached, and in the evening Mr. Collison. Between afternoon and evening service we had a meal together in the little mission house. There was a small table, but no seats, so we had to set up some junks of fire-wood on end to serve for chairs. In travelling about in this country one has to dispense with everything not absolutely necessary; so you may imagine that our little two-feet-by-three table was not very luxuriously garnished—a tin of corned beef, a few soda biscuits, and a cup of tea,—O yes, and some mustard, not in a mustard-pot, however, but in the broken part of a tea-cup, to which the handle still adhered.

I have seen from the English papers that missionaries are accused of living in luxury. Alas for actual necessaries, much less luxuries! We have only had a piece of fresh beef four times on our own table in the course of seven years, and mutton never, nor venison.

One evening an Indian came to me in much anxiety, asking me to pay a visit to his relative Tkaganlakhatqu, who was taken suddenly and violently ill, dying by all accounts.

After a few moments' delay, Mr. Collison and I started off to see this man, whose house was at the extreme end of the camp. It was getting dark as we picked our way through the mud and filth between the boilers. When about half way we could hear the poor fellow's cries of agony, yelping like a wolf in a trap. Hurrying our pace we presently reached the house, which was thronged with an excited crowd, through which we made our way, and stood over where the sufferer lay. Two men and four women were holding him to prevent his doing violence to himself, while an old witch, *Wi-dem-gesh* (Big-head) by name, a great and renowned medicine woman, sat near his head. Before our arrival she had, I was afterwards told, put on his soul three times (that is, breathed into her hands and passed them over his head with the exclamation, "*Waah!*" "there now!" "look at that now!"), but with no avail. We had no trouble to find out what was the matter, the man had partaken largely of an Indian dish called *Daiksh*, that is, snow whipped up with grease and sugar or molasses, which had set up instant and violent inflammation. We therefore made a division of labor; I remained with the patient while Mr. Collison returned for some medicine. I then had all the pots they could muster filled with water and set on the fire, giving employment to sundry in the crowd to keep the pots in position with long sticks. A large tin dish, two pieces of new blanket, and a strong towel, completed my arrangements. The water boiling, I poured a quantity into the dish upon the pieces of blanket, and then fishing up one piece into the towel, with a man to help me, wrung it dry, and quickly laid it on our roaring friend. Ruh! how he did kick and strike out, sending the four women sprawling in all directions. I therefore shouted somewhat sharply to him, "*N'delth ahugin gon?*" ("Where is your bravery now?"), which brought to his mind a previous meeting between us, known only to ourselves, when he came by night with seven other braves to exhume the body of a man who had died a Christian and was buried at Aiyansh (they wanted to have a feast and a dance over the corpse), on which occasion he had boasted of his *ahug* (bravery) to me, and the *ahug* of his ancestors for generations past, but as I could not see the *ahug*, it availed him nought! Of this, then, my words reminded him, upon which he snatched up a corner of his blanket and thrust it into his mouth, holding it tightly with both hands, while his eyes glared up at me as if to say, "Go on now, burn me up if you like." I did not, however, do that, but I kept on with the fomentation, the pain quickly abating. When Mr. Collison returned with the medicines we supplemented this treatment with what was necessary, leaving our patient about midnight at his ease and out of danger.

Three weeks at the camp brought me to the end of my own strength. Every one was beautifully convalescent, my old friend Abraham included; so I thought that while I could walk I would get away. But it was no easy matter to pack up; the Indians kept crowding in to the last moment. My head was throbbing with pain, and I longed for a breath of fresh air—for a less odorous atmosphere, which ere long we were enjoying on our return voyage to Aiyansh. And thus ended our sojourn at the Indian fishing camp.

It is not as though there were something of extraordinary interest to tell that the above paper has been written, but rather to give a faithful picture of the ordinary work and everyday life of a missionary in this remote corner of the earth.

## A TEACHER'S INFLUENCE.

BY M. S. RIDGEWAY.

Some years ago there was a young girl in a Sunday-school class, which she attended very irregularly, not manifesting much interest in the lessons taught. After a short season she left the school, and for several years nothing was heard of her.

Then the teacher was notified that her former scholar was very ill, and wished to see her. It was sad to find the young woman a victim of hasty consumption. But the meeting was delightful. The sick girl had now a triumphant faith, and was seeking to bring her relatives and friends to her own Saviour.

"You may have thought me wild and careless in the old days," she said to her teacher. "But I remember what you taught me. I have never forgotten the true story you told us about the verse 'What time I am afraid I will trust in thee.'"

During the remaining weeks of her life her faith was unclouded, and her efforts unceasing to have her companions share in her joy.

Eight months later there was another appeal from a wayward, irregular scholar. She had not seen her teacher for a year or two, but, when illness came, the young woman wrote requesting a visit. The teacher gladly responded, and found her old pupil very susceptible to the truth.

The Bible and Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress" were read eagerly; but for constant help to the invalid there was nothing like "Heavenly Sunshine,"—a wall-roll with large type and attractive in appearance. One of its texts—"Behold what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called children of God"—led to her conversion. The verse seemed to be illuminated and illuminating as she looked up to it from her couch. Her trust continued clear and joyous, and her chief delight was in Christian companionship. Her best earthly friend seemed to be her former teacher. She was summoned when death approached, and under the pillow of the released sufferer was found a package of letters and leaflets from her teacher.

Ought not Sunday-school teachers to "watch and pray" that they may not unconsciously or thoughtlessly limit the influence once held? Rather, should they not seek to extend it? One of the readers of the *Sunday-school Times*, who has had scholars in different parts of the Union, is in the habit of petitioning for all who have ever been under her care, that her weak efforts may be supplemented by the divine Teacher.—*Sunday-school Times.*

## SCHOLARS' NOTES.

*(From Westminster Question Book.)*

LESSON XI.—SEPT. 13, 1891.

CHRIST AND THE BLIND MAN.

John 9:1-11, 35-38.

COMMIT TO MEMORY vs. 35-38.

GOLDEN TEXT.

"One thing I know, that, whereas I was blind, now I see."—John 9:25.

HOME READINGS.

M. John 9:1-17.—Christ and the Blind Man.
T. John 9:18-41.—The Blind Man's Confession.
W. Mark 10:46-52.—Blind Bartimeus.
Th. Eph. 5:1-21.—Light in the Lord.
F. Isa. 42:1-18.—"To Open the Blind Eyes."
S. Psalm 119:9-24.—Open Thou Mine Eyes.
S. 2 Cor. 4:1-10.—Light out of Darkness.

LESSON PLAN.

I. The Blind Man Cured. vs. 1-7.
II. The Blind Man Confessing. vs. 8-11.
III. The Blind Man Believing. vs. 35-38.

TIME.—A.D. 29, October, the Sabbath after the last lesson; Tiberius Cæsar emperor of Rome; Pontius Pilate governor of Judea: Herod Antipas governor of Galilee and Perea.

PLACE.—Jerusalem, near one of the gates of the temple.

HELP IN STUDYING THE LESSON.

V. 2. *Who did sin*—according to Jewish ideas, every special affliction was the effect of special sin. V. 3. *That the works of God should be made manifest in him*—in this sightless man being made to see. V. 4. *I must work*—Revised Version, "we must work." *While it is day*—day is the proper God-given time for work. *The night cometh*—the night of death. V. 5. *The light of the world*—John 1:5, 9; 8:12; 12:35. V. 7. *Go, wash*—compare 2 Kings 5:10. *Sent*—symbolical of him who was sent to give the healing water of life. John 5:36-38. Read carefully the whole account. V. 38. *Lord, I believe*—he had found a personal Saviour, and like Thomas he could say, "My Lord and my God." John 20:28. *Worshipped him.*—gave him reverence and adoration.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—What is the title of this lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place? Memory verses?

I. THE BLIND MAN CURED. vs. 1-7.—Whom did Jesus see as he passed by? What did his disciples ask him? What did Jesus reply? What did he say of himself? What did he declare himself to be? What did he then do? Why did he use these means? What did he direct the blind man to do? What followed his obedience?

II. THE BLIND MAN CONFESSING. vs. 8-11.—What effect had this miracle on the neighbors? What did the man say of himself? What did they then ask him? What was his reply? What followed this reply? vs. 12-33. What punishment did the Jews inflict on the man? v. 31.

III. THE BLIND MAN BELIEVING. vs. 35-38.—What did Jesus say to the man when he found him? What did the man reply? How did Jesus declare himself? What did the man then do? What is effectual calling? What is faith in Jesus Christ?

WHAT HAVE I LEARNED?

1. That Christ has given us an example of diligence in the great work of life.
2. That Christ is the Light of the world; he removes sin, sorrow and ignorance, and brings life, joy, peace, knowledge.
3. That we should come to him for life and light.
4. That we must use the means by which he imparts his grace.

QUESTIONS FOR REVIEW.

1. How did Jesus heal the blind man? Ans. Jesus anointed his eyes with clay, and said to him, Go, wash in the pool of Siloam. And he went his way, and washed, and came seeing.
2. What did Jesus say to the man after the Jews had cast him out of the synagogue? Ans. Dost thou believe on the Son of God?
3. What was the man's answer? Ans. Who is he, Lord, that I might believe on him?
4. What was Jesus' reply? Ans. Thou hast both seen him, and it is he that talketh with thee.
5. What did the man then do? Ans. He said, Lord, I believe. And he worshipped him.

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LESSON XII.—SEPT. 20, 1891.

CHRIST THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

John 10:1-16.

COMMIT TO MEMORY vs. 14-16.

GOLDEN TEXT.

"The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want."—Ps. 23:1.

HOME READINGS.

M. John 10:1-15.—Christ the Good Shepherd.
T. John 10:17-42.—Laying down his Life for the Sheep.
W. Luke 15:1-10.—Seeking the Lost Sheep.
Th. Isa. 40:1-11.—Feeding his Flock.
F. Ezek. 34:1-15.—Delivering his Flock.
S. Ezek. 34:16-31.—Saving his Flock.
S. Psalm 23:1-7.—"The Lord is my Shepherd."

LESSON PLAN.

I. The True Shepherd. vs. 1-5.
II. The Thieves and Robbers. vs. 6-10.
III. Christ and his Sheep. vs. 11-16.

TIME.—A.D. 29, soon after the last lesson; Tiberius Cæsar emperor of Rome; Pontius Pilate governor of Judea; Herod Antipas governor of Galilee and Perea.

Place.—Jerusalem.

HELP IN STUDYING THE LESSON

V. 1. *Sheepfold*—a roofless enclosure surrounded by a wall, with a single door. This represents the Church of God; the *door* is Christ; the *sheep*, the children of God; the *robbers*, false prophets and teachers generally, and here the Pharisees in particular. V. 2. *He that entereth in*—by the one appointed entrance. *Is the shepherd*—a true shepherd, who cares for the flock. V. 3. *Hear his voice*—sheep in the east know the voice of their shepherd and follow him. V. 5. *A stranger will they not follow*—no matter how much he may seek to entice them away. V. 9. *Find pasture*—spiritual food. Ps. 23; Rev. 7:17. V. 10. *Life*—spiritual, eternal life. The thief *takes* life; the shepherds *protect* life; the Good Shepherd *gives* life. V. 11. *I am the good shepherd*—as it regards entrance to the fold, the *door* (vs. 7, 9); as it regards care over them within it, the *shepherd*. (Compare John 14:6; Eph. 2:18.) *The good shepherd*—exclusively and emphatically the Shepherd of the shepherds and of the flock. Isa. 40:11. *Giveth his life for the sheep*—five times repeated with great force in this chapter. Matt. 20:28; Zech. 13:7. V. 12. *A hireling*—one serving only for gain. *The wolf*—the enemy of God and his people. V. 16. *Other sheep*—of the Gentiles. Isa. 49:6; 56:8. *One fold*—Revised Version, "one flock," all knowing the one Shepherd, and known of him. Eph. 2:14, 18-22.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—What is the title of this lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place? Memory verses?

I. THE TRUE SHEPHERD. vs. 1-5.—What does Jesus here say? Describe the sheepfold. How is the shepherd known from the thief? How do the sheep show their knowledge of the shepherd? How does the shepherd show his knowledge of the sheep? What is meant by the *fold*? Who by the *shepherd*? The *pasture*? The *sheep*? The *robber*?

II. THE THIEVES AND ROBBERS. vs. 6-10.—Who is the *door*? Is there any other? Acts 4:12. What did Jesus say of those who came before him? Who are meant by these? How did the sheep receive them? What did Jesus again declare himself to be? What did he promise those who enter by him? For what purpose does the thief come? For what purpose did Jesus come?

III. CHRIST AND HIS SHEEP. vs. 11-16.—Who is the *Good Shepherd*? What does he do for the sheep? What does the hireling do when he sees the wolf coming? Who is meant by the *hireling*? Why does the hireling flee? What did Jesus say of himself and his sheep? Of himself and his Father? What about the other sheep? What did he mean by this?

WHAT HAVE I LEARNED?

1. That Jesus is the Good Shepherd, the only Saviour.
2. That he laid down his life for his sheep.
3. That we should seek to belong to the flock of the Good Shepherd.
4. That we should live only for him who gave his life for us.

QUESTIONS FOR REVIEW.

1. Who is the Good Shepherd? Ans. Jesus said, I am the Good Shepherd.
2. Who are his sheep? Ans. All who truly love and obey him.
3. What has he done for his sheep? Ans. He laid down his life for them.
4. How do his sheep show their regard for him? Ans. They hear his voice and follow him.
4. How does he care for them? Ans. He leads, supports and protects them, and gives them eternal life.

# THE HOUSEHOLD.

## A HOUSEHOLD A, B, C.

As soon as you are up, shake blankets and sheet;
Batter be without shoes than sit with wet feet;
Children, if healthy, are active, not still;
Damp sheets and damp clothes, will both make you ill;
Eat slowly, and always chew your food well;
Freshen the air in the house where you dwell;
Garments must never be made to be tight;
Home will be healthy if airy and light;
If you wish to be well, as you do, I've no doubt,
Just open the windows before you go out;
Keep your rooms always neat, and tidy, and clean,
Let dust on the furniture never be seen;
Much illness is caused by the want of pure air.
Now to open your windows be ever your care;
Old rags and old rubbish should never be kept;
People should see that their floors are well swept;
Quick movements in children are healthy and right;
Remember the young cannot thrive without light;
See that the cistern is clean to the brim;
Take care that your dress is all tidy and trim;
Use your nose to find out if there be a bad drain,
Very sad are the fevers that come in its train;
Walk as much as you can without feeling fatigue—
Xerxes could walk full many a league:
Your health is your wealth, which your wisdom must keep;
Zeal will help a good cause, and the good you will reap.

## REVERENCE YOUR CHILD.

Rev. D. M. Ross, M. A., in the fifth of his addresses on "Family life" in Free St. John's, Dundee, dwelt upon the responsibilities of fatherhood and motherhood. One of the most needful of qualifications for successful fatherhood and motherhood, he said, was reverence—reverence of parents for their children. Was not that an inversion of the natural order? No; it was in accordance with natural order that the reverence of the parent should come before the reverence of the child. Parental reverence gave birth to filial reverence. Was not that child of theirs worthy of reverence? He had come into this nether world "with trailing clouds of glory, from heaven which is his home." He was endowed with that divinest, most mysterious gift, the life of moral personality. What possibilities were before him, possibilities of life or death, of weal or woe. A child of God set down to work out his destiny amid the din and warfare of the contending hosts of good and evil! A child of God who might make shipwreck of his life, or develop the possible Christ that was in him! A child demanded reverent handling. They might well tremble at the sacredness of the trust which had been put into their keeping. Without something of that reverence, the children would be poorly fathered and mothered. There was little chance of their training them well, unless they felt the preciousness and grandeur of their charge. Not even lavish affection would make up for the want of reverence. Affection without reverence made spoiled children. Mere instinctive affection cared for the child's pleasure; reverence cared for his good. Direct training might have less effect upon children than the indirect influence of the character of their parents. Fathers and mothers may be sure that what told most powerfully on their children was not what they said, but what they were; not their lecturing and drill but their character. Wise fathers and mothers would strive to make the life of the home bright and interesting for the children. There was a deal of human nature about children; their exuberant life demanded some outlet. A dull home was a very hotbed of mischief, and a bright house was a nursery for many things that were right and lovely. What had been said had a very intimate connection with religion, though the word has not been used. For their present purpose, they might define religion as the love of Christ and the things which he loved. If that was so, then surely they might expect that their children should grow up religious. The children had a special affinity for Christ. It seems to him that, like the disciples of old, they drove away the children from Christ by giving them to understand that they could be no true followers of his till they could understand some hard theological doctrines, or undergo the spiritual experiences of what they read in connection with persons of maturer years. It was cruelty to the children to discourage them by giving them the impression that though their hearts beat true to Christ and goodness, they are strangers to God, because they have had no such experience as some older Christians have passed through.

## EXERCISE FOR GIRLS,

Mr. Blaikie, the apostle of physical culture, recently said in a lecture on exercise to a lot of girls: "Once I went up to Vassar college to see their gymnasium. They had lots of apparatus there that looked as if it were the kind that Noah used when he was loafing around in the ark. Then the girls showed me how they ran. After a few trials they came in puffing and blowing, and their hearts beating about 140 to the minute. "What do you think of the running?" they asked. "What running?" said I. Then I showed how the sandal of the runner was made, with no heels, and how he ran on his toes with his head up and his chest out, and they admitted that they couldn't run." He told the girls how to develop weak arms and make them strong, so that they would be well-rounded and shapely when they were evening costumes. "One of the hardest problems is how to keep the girls who go into this training from doing too much hard work at the beginning. Ham is a good thing for breakfast, but no one wants to eat a whole ham for breakfast. They must start off easily. A man at Englewood came to me about his daughter. She was low-spirited and weak. 'Well,' I said, 'what does she do?' And he said 'she went five miles to school every day and carried a great strap full of books.' 'Does she walk!' 'No, she rides in a horse-car!' Oh, the lovely horse-car! Oh! the beautiful horse-car! Sidewalks deserted to hang by a strap in a crowded horse-car. Give up walking to be hauled home in a lovely horse-car. Get her a pair of Waukenphast shoes, broad enough at least for two of her toes to touch the ground. Ugly? Of course they're ugly; but they are comfortable. Let her get off the car one mile from home the first week. Rain? Well, let it rain; I hope it will. Rain doesn't look half so bad when you are in it as when you look at it through the window. Then let her try two miles the second week, and so on up to five. I met the father in two months. He said: 'The aches are all gone, and we are afraid she'll eat the table-cover. Her brother has taught her boxing and we are afraid of her around the house. She's actually getting good looking.'"—*Boston Commonwealth.*

## THE REFUSE PAIL.

In the country much of the refuse can be buried in the garden, or burned out of doors, especially in hot weather, when one does not have a fire in the range every day. In large families, where the amount of refuse must be considerable, it may not be practicable to burn all of it. Where one can depend upon garbage collectors to attend to this regularly, the question of its disposal is easily settled. But even there the housekeeper can do much towards improving matters as they are found in many kitchens.

It is a good plan to have two tightly covered pails, and use them alternately. As soon as one is emptied, wash and cleanse it thoroughly, and leave it where the sun can sweeten and purify it while the other is being used. If covered boxes are used, as in city yards, these, as well as the pails, should be thoroughly cleansed whenever emptied; for after the garbage man has knocked out all that he thinks belongs to him, there will be much left adhering to the pail and box which will soon putrefy, and which only a generous quantity of water and a vigorous scrubbing will remove.

Care in turning all the liquid refuse into the drain, in keeping the pail where it will be easily accessible, yet where the contents will not freeze, and in a place which can be well aired, and especially in turning the refuse into the pail, not on the outside or on the floor, will well repay one for the extra moment or thought spent about it. I have enlarged upon this subject of refuse, for it is one that occasions much discomfort; but the remedy is within our reach. —*Selected.*

## A GOOD ANTIDOTE.

My heart is touched by the wail which comes from many a weary woman, and I long to fill up the vacant hearts, to enlarge the meagre lives, and to give of the fullness which God has granted me into your empty lives. How can I do it? How can we give to each other of our abundance, when it is not of gold or precious stones, but of love and joy and peace? Ah! that heart-riches is just what we can give. We may spend it freely and not impoverish ourselves.

And so, as this new year offers us a time for "fresh beginning," let us see to it that our stock of love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness is inexhaustible, and that we are lavish in spending it.

"And still beyond your household duties reaching,
Stretch forth a helping hand;
So many stand in need of loving comfort
All over this wide land;
Perchance some soul you aid to-day, to-morrow
May with the angels sing;
Some one may go straight from your earthly table
To banquet with the King."

A few days ago I heard a missionary address from a charming lady. I use the word charming in no light way; she has "charmed" away want and anxiety from her home by her sweet courage and patient effort. But I did not begin to tell you about her, but about something she said: She said women were almost always dealing with dirt in some form or other; their lives were mainly occupied in getting rid of dirt. And she said it was very important that they should endeavor to fill their minds with great thoughts, as a sort of antidote for this constant association with what is in itself disgusting and degrading. And I have thought a great deal of what she said and I think there is truth in it.

And I commend you, who are feeling tired of yours daily disagreeable fight with dirt in the house, in the clothing, sweeping, scrubbing, washing, in an endless circle of inevitable routine, to apply this antidote of great thoughts. Cut from the paper that paragraph or that poem which thrilled you when you read it, and pin it over your sink or on your cushion, and think about it as you wash the dishes or sweep the room. I remember once having an eager young student follow me in my sweeping tour through the house with a volume of Emerson, and, in spite of the choking dust, read me the choice bits he found, and I made some acquaintance with Clough, the poet, one summer when I had unusual duties in the kitchen and I took him there with me. I remember those days of rather offensive labor, with pleasure, because of some "great thoughts." Try it to-morrow when you take up the day's toil.—*Ladies' Home Journal.*

## HINT TO MOTHERS.

"I need a new carpet for my dining-room," commented a woman recently, "but I tell the children while they are so careless at the table the old one will do as well. It is a Wilton, worn to canvass, and on occasion the maid actually takes a scrubbing-brush to the grease spots."

"Why, do you know," replied her companion, "I bought a new one this spring on purpose to improve my children's manners while eating. They greatly admire the freshened room, and it is a matter of pride with each one as he gets down from his chair to see how few crumbs he can leave."

This is a whole sermon in itself. Children are peculiarly susceptible to the beauty or otherwise of their surroundings. They may not be able to voice it—may not be conscious of it, even, but it is none the less a potent influence on their behavior. "I used to notice," said an observing person once, "in a family which I visited quite frequently, that when my visit was confined to a chat in the library, a lovely, unobtrusive room, full of books and sunshine, if the children were visible at all they were exceedingly mannerly and charming, while on occasions when I would go down informally to the home luncheon or dinner, their behavior was quite different. The room was dark and sunless and the belongings good, but with all freshness worn off. I finally attributed the change in the children's conduct to their different environment.—*Times.*

## A RECIPE FOR MAKING TATTLERS.

Here is a good recipe for making tattlers:—Take a handful of the weed called Run-about, the same quantity of the root called Nimble-tongue, a sprig of the herb called Backbite, (either before or after dog-days), a tablespoonful of Dont-you-tell-it, six drachms of Malice, a few drops of Envy which can be purchased of Miss Tabitha Tea-table and Miss Nancy Night-walker. Stir them well together, and simmer them half an hour over the fire of Discontent, kindled with a little Jealousy; then strain it through the rag of Misconception, cork it up in the bottle of Malevolence, shake it occasionally for a few days and it will be fit for use. Let a few drops be taken before walking out, and the subject will be able to speak all manner of evil and that continually.—*Foster Hutchcroft.*

## RECIPES.

A QUICKLY-MADE CAKE.—Two cupfuls of sugar, two of flour, six tablespoonfuls of butter, two of milk, six eggs, one teaspoonful of saleratus, two of cream of tartar, some lemon peel. Bake in shallow pans in a quick oven.

BREAKFAST ROLLS.—These rolls are set to rise over night. To make them, mash fine one medium-sized boiled potato, let it cool a little, but while still warm stir in three-quarters of a tablespoonful of unmelted butter. Add two pints and a half of flour with a teaspoonful of salt and a tablespoonful of flour sifted in. Rub in one teaspoonful of lard, then add one-third of a yeast cake dissolved in half a cupful of lukewarm milk or water, and knead all well for twenty minutes. Cover closely and leave till morning. Then make up into rolls three or four inches long, and place them in two rows in a buttered pan. Let them rise as long as possible before baking. Two hours is not too long. In very cold weather, mix them the afternoon before.

## PUZZLES NO. 16.

METAMORPHOSES.

Change one given word to another given word, by altering one letter at a time—each alteration making a new word, the number of letters being always the same, and the letters remaining in the same order.

Example.—Change *cast* to *west* in three moves.
East, last, lest, west.

1. Change *boy* to *man* in four moves.
2. Change *wolf* to *lion* in eight moves.
3. Change *meat* to *soup* in six moves.
4. Change *Jane* to *Mary* in three moves.
5. Change *book* to *tent* in five moves.
6. Change *four* to *nine* in ten moves.

SCRIPTURE CHARACTER.

1. He was a great general, in the confidence of a king, his master.
2. Being in great need of a physician, his master sent him to a neighboring king.
3. That king thought his neighbor was trying to pick a quarrel with him.
4. A prophet came to his assistance.
5. The general at first would not follow the prophet's directions.
6. His servants prevailed upon him at last, and he received great benefit.
7. He said that henceforward he would worship the true God, even though he went sometimes into an idol temple.
8. All this good was caused by a little girl.

WORD DELETIONS.

1. Take the language of the ancient Romans from isinglass, and leave to turn to the off side.
2. Take to inquire from packings of hemp, and leave traps or snares.
3. Take an intermittent fever with cold fits succeeded by hot from allied, and leave continued.
4. Take a trough in which a bricklayer carries mortar, etc., from exact, and leave one living with others in their dwelling or city.
5. Take a musical instrument from greeted, and leave melancholy.
6. Take to speak from wearing apparel, and leave to adhere.

SCRIPTURE ENIGMAS.

Should I not serve in the presence of his son?
I first thou found me, O mine enemy?
Whither do these lines of Ephah?
Why should this dead dog curse my lord, the king?
Hast thou also brought evil upon the widow with whom I sojourn?
Let me escape thither, (is it not a little one?)
Search for these texts and look
Within God's holy book,
And find out all who asked these questions six
One had a wicked wife,
Two saved a monarch's life,
One met a widow-woman gathering sticks,
One saw his home in flames,
And one God's word proclaims.
Initial letters show a murderous king
Who said, "Am I a dog, to do this thing?"

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES No. 15.

SCRIPTURE EXERCISE.—2 Sam. xviii. 9-17. Absalom and the servants of David. A mule. An oak tree. Absalom hanging by his hair. Joab. Ten shekels. Gen. xxiv. 22. A girdle. Actsxxi. 11. A thousand shekels. "Put forth my hand against." Abishai and Ittai. "Beware that none touch the young man Absalom." Absalom slain by Joab and his ten young men. A trumpet. A "great heap of stones."

NUMERICAL.—Equality.

ANAGRAM.—Mealymouthedness.

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.—Dagon and Diana.—1 Sam. v. 2; Acts xix. 28.

| | |
|---|---|
| D avi D | Acts ii. 29. |
| A milia I | Jonah 1. 1-3. |
| G az A | Judges xvi. 21. |
| O rna N | 1 Chron. xxi. 18, 22, 25. |
| N ehush A | 2 Kings xxiv. 8, 12, 15. |

Correct answers to some of the puzzles in No. 13 were received from James A. Proudfoot.

## The Family Circle.

### FLEETING—YET ENDURING.

HEB. XII. 28.

A lamp which thou hast lit and fanned,
A harp which answers to thy hand,
A lark which sings and soars to Thee—
This would I be, this would I be.
MATT. v. 14.

A song that soft winds upward send,
A fair epistle, heaven-penned,
A sunlit wave on life's dark sea—
This would I be, this would I be.
2 COR. iii. 3.

A fleeting barque, but homeward-bound
A fleeting cloud, but glory-crowned,
A fleeting life, but lived for Thee—
This would I be, this would I be.
GAL. ii. 20.

A shady cedar, green and tall,
A voice that echoes to thy call
A smile, a tear of sympathy—
This would I be, this would I be,
PSA. xcii. 12-13.

A vessel for thy use made me
A learner daily at thy feet,
A watcher, soon the dawn to see—
This would I be, this would I be.
2 TIM. ii. 21.

An heir of the unchanging things,
A dweller 'neath thy sheltering wings,
From strife of tongues hid safe in thee—
This would I be, this would I be.
2 COR. v. 1.

A dove on snowy pinions light,
A pilgrim clad in garments white,
A lily robed in purity—
This would I be, this would I be.
1 JOHN i. 7.

An eagle, mounting heavenward,
A warrior, fighting for my Lord,
And listening till he calls for me—
This would I be, this would I be.
ISA. xl. 31.

'Tis not too much for me to want,
'Tis not too much for thee to grant,
Since, Saviour mine, thy child may be
All this in thee, all this in thee.
PHIL. iv. 13. 2 COR. ii. 11 and v. 17.

—*Edith G. Cherry, in the Christian.*

### A BLIND HERO.

One of my pleasantest recollections of a long sojourn in England is an evening spent, in 1882, in the home of Mr. A. W. W. Dale, a Fellow of Trinity Hall, Cambridge, where I met Postmaster-General Fawcett with his wife.

I found Mrs. Fawcett a most attractive woman in face and manner, slight, graceful, young, and extremely intelligent. If she had not a superior mind, she could not speak so eloquently as she does on the platform, or write for leading magazines, or have shared with her husband in preparing books upon political economy and the great questions of the age.

Mr. Fawcett was a man of unusually fine physique, six feet two inches tall, with light hair, smooth, beaming face, and sightless eyes. One could not help being won by his cordial manner, brilliant conversation, and enthusiastic interest in everything that touched the well-being of humanity. I had long wanted to see this man who had been such a friend to America, who had done so much for woman's higher education and progress, who had fought the battles of the poor in Parliament, who had written several books, who had risen to one of the highest positions in the gift of the English nation, and yet was blind!

How he came to fame, presents an interesting study, and furnishes a grand example. Born August 26, 1833, of a father who was a draper, a man of genial temperament and some power as a political speaker, and of a mother of strong common sense, and deep interest in politics, the boy grew to young manhood in the schools in and about Salisbury, his native town.

At fourteen he wrote a composition on "Steam," which so pleased his father, and so convinced him that there was something in the boy, that he gave Henry five dollars. The essay abounded in statistics as to the cost of making railways, the number of passengers, and the great advantages to the farmer producer and the London consumer of a cheap transportation for cheese.

The lad preferred his books to play. In an old chalk-pit he used to declaim, till the passing laborers thought him crazy. He told some of his boy friends that he intended to go to Parliament, which seemed so ridiculous to them that the remark was received with shouts of laughter.

The Dean of Salisbury advised that Henry be sent to Cambridge University. This advice was acted upon; and as the Fawcett family were far from rich, the son helped himself as much as possible by scholarships. Fond of mathematics and political economy, he soon became the centre of a little circle of young men who enjoyed the same studies. He was warm-hearted, cheerful, democratic in that he was equally at home with a laborer or a statesman, and knew no distinctions but such as spring from intellectual or moral excellence. He became a good debater, enjoyed sports such as rowing and walking, and graduated from Trinity Hall with honors, taking a fellowship.

Still determined to enter Parliament, he went to Lincoln's Inn, London, and began the study of law. His eyes had pained him from too constant use, and it seemed necessary to give up study for a time. Taking the nephew of the master of Trinity Hall to Paris with him, he became the young man's tutor in mathematics, while the lad studied French also.

Fawcett wrote to a lady friend: "I started life as a boy, with the ambition some day to enter the House of Commons. Every effort, every endeavor, which I have ever put forth has had this object in view. I have continually tried, and shall, I trust, still try not only honorably to gratify my desire, but to fit myself for such an important trust. And now the realization of these hopes has become something even more than the gratification of ambition. I feel that I ought to make any sacrifice, to endure any amount of labor, to obtain this position, because every day I become more deeply impressed with the powerful conviction that this is the position in which I could be of the greatest use to my fellowmen, and that I could in the House of Commons exert an influence in removing the social evils of our country, and especially the paramount one—the mental degradation of millions."

Alas! how soon was this life-plan thwarted—no, not thwarted in the case of Henry Fawcett, but it would have been in nine persons out of ten.

On September 17, 1858, young Fawcett and his father went out shooting. The partridges flew in the wrong direction. The father, forgetting, for the moment, where the son stood, fired; and two shot pierced the glasses on Henry's eyes, entered the eyes themselves, and were permanently imbedded behind them. In one instant Henry Fawcett was

MADE BLIND FOR LIFE.

He was carried home calm and resigned, but the father was heart-broken. He told a friend, "I could bear it if my son would only complain." Young Fawcett told a gentleman, years later, that in ten minutes after the accident he had made up his mind that his blindness should not keep him out of the House of Commons. What courage, what sublime hope! At first he had occasional fits of depression, but he soon made cheerfulness the rule and habit of his life.

He had to give up the law, and go back to Trinity Hall. He engaged a lad to read to him, and be his amanuensis, and began again the study of political economy. The following year, 1859, he read a paper before the British Association, on the "Social and Economical Influence of the New Gold." "He astonished," says his friend Leslie Stephen, "an audience, to most of whom even his name had hitherto been unknown, by the clearness with which he expounded an economic theory and marshalled the corresponding statistics as few men could have done even with the advantage of eyesight. The discovery of Fawcett was the most remarkable event of the meeting."

Among Fawcett's friends at Cambridge was a rising young publisher, Mr. Alexander Macmillan. He suggested to Fawcett that he write a popular manual on political economy. He began work upon it in the autumn of 1861, and it was published in the beginning of 1863. It soon proved profitable to both author and publisher, and helped to make Fawcett known to the public. Evidently he had not forgotten Parliament, but it must have seemed a long way off.

The year in which the book was published, 1863, the professorship of political economy at Cambridge became vacant. There were four candidates, and after a heated contest Fawcett won the much-desired prize. He wrote his mother, whom he idolized: "The victory yesterday was a wonderful triumph. I don't think an election has produced so much excitement at Cambridge for years...All the masters opposed me, with two exceptions; but I was strongly supported by a great majority of the most distinguished resident Fellows." This professorship required a residence at Cambridge for eighteen weeks annually, and gave three hundred pounds salary. Fawcett delivered his yearly course of lectures while he lived.

It was indeed an honor to be a professor in one of the greatest universities of the world, yet he was still eager to enter politics. But this was not an easy matter; others were rich and more prominent, and were not blind. The death of Sir Charles Napier left a vacancy in the representation of Southwark. Fawcett at once called upon the committee, and offered himself as a candidate. They were pleased with the blind young politician, and consented to hold meetings in his behalf. He spoke every night, and the house and even the sidewalks soon became crowded. But his blindness seemed the insurmountable obstacle, and a man more widely known was chosen. Soon there was a vacancy at Cambridge. He tried, and was defeated. Another vacancy came at Brighton. Fawcett was opposed because he had favored co-operation, and was therefore said to be "plotting the ruin of the tradesmen;" because he was poor; and, worst of all, he was blind.

He was defeated for the third time. His friends urged him not to try again, but he could not be persuaded. He tried for the fourth time, and won. At thirty-two he had become

A MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT.

His parents were overjoyed, and of course his university was proud of him.

At first Fawcett was very quiet in the House; then he spoke on the Reform Bill of 1866, for the extension of the franchise, pleading earnestly the cause of the working people. Next, he helped to do away with religious tests at Oxford and Cambridge. At Oxford, strange as it may seem, a Dissenter could not take a degree, and at Cambridge, however hard he might study, could not obtain a Fellowship,—tabooed because he was not a member of the Established Church! The bill for the abolition of tests was finally passed in 1871, after it had been twice rejected by the House of Lords.

On Forster's Bill for Elementary Education, in 1870, Fawcett worked most earnestly, both by speeches, and by his pen in the magazines. He showed the ignorance of the agricultural laborers, where in whole villages not a man could read a newspaper. He went personally among the poor, and found that some of them "were obliged for many weeks to live upon dry bread and tea, the only addition to this miserable diet being half a pound of butter, bought once a week as a Sunday luxury." He fought for parks and commons for the laborers, and showed how the greed of the great landlords was enclosing all the heretofore open country and playgrounds of the children.

Fawcett was unknown no longer. When he spoke, the House of Commons listened attentively. What he wrote for the press was eagerly read, for the world saw that he was in earnest.

Meantime, he had married, when he was thirty-four, Millicent Garrett, a brilliant young lady of twenty, who from that time became his devoted and wonderfully intellectual helper. They wrote books together; they walked and skated, and trained their only child, Philippa, to cultivation and nobility of nature. Would that he could have lived to see Philippa take the highest mathematical honors at Cambridge in 1890, "above the Senior Wrangler."

Fawcett became in Parliament the advocate of the nearly two hundred million people of India, so much so that he was called "the member for India," and the far-off millions loved him.

In 1880 he became Postmaster-General of England, after serving his country for fifteen years in the House of Commons. He soon won the regard of his employees by his consideration and sympathy. Overwhelmed with work, he wrote twice a week to his parents in Salisbury. He wrote "Aids to Thrift," and scattered a million and a quarter copies among the people, that they might be induced to save by means of post-office savings banks, and life insurance, and annuities obtainable at any of seven thousand post-offices. He was instrumental in the obtaining of cheap telegrams, the government having purchased the telegraph lines for ten million pounds.

When Mr. Fawcett was forty-nine, he had a dangerous attack of diphtheria and typhoid fever. The whole country became anxious. The Queen telegraphed twice a day to learn his condition. When at his worst, he asked whether preparation had been made as usual to give presents of beef and mutton to his father's laborers, or their widows, at Christmas. Thus thoughtful was he, through life, for the poor.

Mr. Fawcett recovered, but evidently the strong body had become weakened. Two years later, he took cold on the last day of October, 1884. On November 6 it was ascertained that the action of the heart was defective. At four o'clock he was dying. As his feet and hands grew cold, he thought the weather had changed. He fell into a sleep, and in a few moments ceased to breathe.

All England mourned, and thousands in America as well. A great crowd of all classes attended the funeral, at his burial in the churchyard of Trumpington.

Many deserved honors came before he died. He was made Doctor of Civil Law by Oxford University; Doctor of Political Economy by the University of Wurzburg; corresponding member of various learned societies, and Lord Rector of the University of Glasgow, Lord Bute and Mr. Ruskin being the other candidates.

He died in the prime of his life at fifty-one. So much he achieved, and blind! What heroism, what consideration for others, what purity of life, what devotion to principle!—*Sarah K. Bolton, in Golden Rule.*

### YOUTHFUL SMOKING.

Few have any real conception of the terrible evil that is being wrought upon the bodies, minds, and souls of our nation by this smoking vice. Our American cousins are recognizing the duty of the State, and have passed laws prohibiting the selling or giving to, or using by any minor under the age of 16, tobacco in any shape or form in the following States, viz.:—Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Maryland, Virginia, South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Kentucky, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, Minnesota, Arkansas, Kansas, Nebraska, North and South Dakota, Wyoming, Idaho, Nevada, Oregon, Washington, Missouri, and now the district of Columbia. Let us hope that we, too, shall try and protect our boys against this terribly injurious habit. It is unspeakably sad to see the pale-faced, sickly-looking creatures standing in batches at the street corners puffing the tobacco smoke into the faces of passers-by.—*Australian Paper.*

### TOPLADY'S CONVERSION.

A bright lad of sixteen was taken by his widowed mother to visit some relatives in Ireland. During this visit at the hamlet of Codymain, an earnest layman was holding evangelistic services in a barn, for the benefit of the surrounding peasantry. The young lad, Augustus Toplady, was attracted to the place by curiosity. Up to that time the boy had been a stranger to the great salvation, but the plain discourse led him to Jesus. He was converted that day, and the sermon that converted him, gave, in the end, to Christendom, the matchless hymn, "Rock of Ages." Truly the faithful servant of God, who scatters his seed upon the waters, little knows whereunto it may grow, or after how many days he may find it. That plain Irish preacher was setting in tune that day a youthful heart, which should yet give a gem of sacred melody for millions.

## THE LATE REV. JAMES GILMOUR.

PIONEER MISSIONARY TO THE MONGOLS.

His life of self-sacrifice in which hardships and wanderings amid extremes of climatic temperature were cheerfully borne; if persistent toil among a nomad people with fleeting opportunities, promptly seized, for pressing home the Gospel message; if fellowship with the Holy Spirit and the consecration of every talent hourly to the service of God, show that a man is "called to be a saint," then, by the popular decree of the Church on earth, sainthood ought to be conferred upon James Gilmour.

His boyhood shadowed forth the man. When his brothers were at play and asleep he was hard at his books, whilst very early on summer mornings, through an open attic window, he might be seen working at Latin or Greek. The result of continuous success at school and the Glasgow University was to be expected. This determined study surprised some who, in hours of relaxation, noted his rare humor and vivacity, as well as the ardor and severity of his athletic exercises. He climbed most of the Scottish mountains and took long walking tours in the Highlands.

The same church in Hamilton which sent forth David Livingstone in 1840 to Africa sent forth James Gilmour in 1870 to Mongolia. After his course at Glasgow University he had further training at the Congregational Theological Hall, Edinburgh, and at Cheshunt College. As a student, his sermons were of the "red hot" type, and his earnestness and directness of effort to win souls for Jesus made many churches desire his continuous ministry. But nothing would alter his resolve, and he dismissed each of these tempting offers with the remark, "I might get a nice place for repentance."

In 1840 the Russian Government suppressed the London Missionary Society's Siberian Mission. The missionaries had entered through St. Petersburg. As soon as the new mission in Pekin was well established, the tribes for whom they had previously cared were thought of, and in 1870 Mr. Gilmour was sent to the nomad tribes living under the jurisdiction of China.

His attempts to get hold of the language without a Pundit were without much avail, until in desperation he left the town of Kiachta, and went to live in a tent with a Mongol lama (priest), and, note-book in hand, collected words and sentences spoken in conversation. Of course he obtained a great many more words than he could understand or the lama could explain, and often used words wrongly; but he got at the language directly, and could hardly help having the accent correct and could not avoid learning first the words and phrases in common use.

About eighteen months were spent learning the language, and as Mr. Gilmour puts it, "buying experience" — *i.e.*, trying various modes of travel. First on hired horses and camels; then as the owner respectively of horses, camels, and bullocks. The winter of 1872 was spent in Pekin, working among the numerous Mongol visitors. In 1873 he was again in Mongolia, making four journeys, with Kalgan as a centre.

There are many conditions peculiar to this mission. For instance, the missionary to live among the people in such a sparse population must be a constant traveller. He has no house, no chapel, no school, and for years at least no assistant beyond personal servants. The work must be carried on chiefly in a social way—in the people's tents, the only public method being to set up a stall in a town, and sell or give away tracts or medicines, the opportunity of speaking of Jesus being taken in every possible way. To visit the great fairs gave opportunity of meeting many peoples whose acquaintance had been made on the steppes.

As there are no inns in Mongolia every tent is open to travellers. Hospitality is a bounden duty. It is probable that the master of the tent the traveller visits, or some of the family, are being entertained, without charge, by strangers hundreds of miles away. Thus the necessities of the land have created its customs and, what would at first sight appear a great burden, in the matter of hospitality, really rights itself in the end. Mongols often complained to Mr. Gilmour that, after showing hospitality to foreigners and Chinamen in Mongolia, the houses of those people were closed to them when visiting Pekin. The missionary always assured them that his house in Pekin would be open

In December, 1874, Mr. Gilmour married at Pekin Miss Emily C. Prankard, of Bexley Heath. The next two years were spent in Pekin, attending to the Mission Hospital, in the absence of Dr. Dudgeon. The knowledge thus acquired was especially valuable in Mongolia, and he acquired much influence thereby. He remarked, however, "The Mongols are a hospitable race, but pray ye that ye may not get sick on their hands." Mrs. Gilmour died at Pekin in September, 1885.

The method of working adopted while travelling has been, after the usual salutations and tea-drinking, to produce a case of Scripture-pictures in gaudy colors. Then all reserve is thrown off, old and young gather round, and a selection of subjects affords a good opportunity for stating the main doctrines of Christianity, the eye assisting the ear, so that even people of small ability can apprehend and remember it. The pictures exhausted, then come the books. These comprise three or four tracts, illustrated; a catechism, and the Gospel of Matthew. The tracts being in an easy style, can be read by a fair scholar.

THE REV. JAMES GILMOUR.

The Catechism does not run so smoothly, but when he comes to the Gospel any but an exceptionally good reader stumbles, and says it is too much for him. Mr. Gilmour's long experience made him say that comparatively few Mongols can make any sense at all of Matthew's Gospel without assistance. The chief difficulty comes from ignorance of Gospel truths and doctrines, of Old Testament references, the Jewish customs spoken of, and the indefiniteness inherent to Mongol writing. He is forced, "rather unwillingly, to the opinion that in propagating Christianity among the Mongols, at least, tracts and books with Christian teaching are at first a necessary introduction to the Bible itself."

Many will ask what are the results of twenty years' labor? Well, in some of the towns a few Chinese—about twenty in all, have been baptized, and form the nucleus of a church, while many inquirers are now being instructed. These have all been loving and faithful helpers of Mr. Gilmour. But about the Mongols themselves: There are many devoted admirers of the faithful missionary. They are ready to acknowledge his goodness. They will show him all the kindness possible. Some are, doubtless, well acquainted with and influenced by the Christian teaching they have had; many others know the Gospel well, but, as Mr. Gilmour says, "For a Mongol to profess Christianity would be to face ruin. It is very doubtful if a consistent native Christian could subsist on the plain among his Buddhist countrymen. So great is the power of the lamas, and so intense seems to be the spirit of bigotry that pervades the whole community, that any one who refused to conform to the requirements of Buddhism would perhaps find it impossible to remain in his native country; and men who knew something of Christianity, when pressed to accept it, have offered to do so if the missionary would undertake to support them, adopting and protecting them as part of his own establishment. Parents, too, offer their children on the same condition." "A man thoroughly convinced of the truth of Christianity, and powerfully moved by the Holy Spirit, would not be deterred by considerations of hardship from professing Christ. There are not wanting men who, possessing great natural force of character, exert a powerful influence. Should such a man be among the first to declare for Christ he might greatly lessen the difficulty in the way of others. It is not to be doubted that God will in his own time and way, even among the Mongols, apply the truth with living power to the hearts of men, and call out from among them those who will confess him before their countrymen, and smooth the way for those who afterwards shall follow their example."

In thinking over the problem of twenty years' faithful and unceasing toil without an avowed convert, we have to bear in mind that over sixty percent of the male population are priests bound by extreme vows. The missionary's statement of the case is this: "Perhaps no other religion on the face of the earth holds its votaries clutched in such a paralyzing grip. It would be difficult to find another instance in which any religion has grasped a country so universally and completely as Buddhism has Mongolia. The Mongols say that some of them have more piety, some have less, but that throughout the length and breadth of the country there is not a single infidel. I partly believe it, and it is this universality of dominion which enables the religion to build such rich and costly temples in such a poor and thinly-peopled country."

In one of his last reports Mr. Gilmour pleaded very earnestly for the appointment of three or four unmarried colleagues who will be prepared to endure the hardness of life in Mongolia for Christ's sake, and he believed that, with such an increase in the staff of workers, great results might before long be gathered in.

He worked up to the end. The cause of his death is not yet known; but, writing a few weeks before, after giving full directions for the welfare of his motherless boys, he said: "I am in perfect health spiritually and bodily." Who will take up the fallen mantle? Who will seek consecration by the same spirit, and go forth to tend those fields and reap that harvest which will appear when God, faithful to his word, "shall give the increase."—*The Christian.*

## THE STORY OF A SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

BY JAMES N. DAVID.

It was a straggling village in the mountains of West Virginia. Those religiously inclined were divided among some five or six different denominations. Year after year the school was opened about the first of May, and succumbed to the heat of August.

One spring, when the subject of opening the school was broached, many said, "It is no use;" "It will only be a failure as usual." A few said, "We will open it, and keep it open for a year." Thus divided the school was opened. Literature from the American Sunday-school Union was purchased. At one time came a story of a missionary along the coasts of the United States who desired a yacht to prosecute his work. The matter was laid before the school, and they were asked to contribute. The people were poor, but one dollar was raised and forwarded. It did not do much toward the yacht; but when afterwards the yacht had been purchased by others, and its picture was printed, it was remarkable the good it did the school to know they had a dollar in the work.

August heats were passed. September and October frosts came, and now some said the school must close. Three or four said, with no unkindly feeling to those who must quit, "There will be a fire in the school-house every Sunday morning [the nearest church was some three miles away], and there will be Sunday-school. If there are only two present, there will be Sunday-school; if only one present, there will be Sunday-school, and all are welcome. Come when you can, the school will go on."

It was a dreary, cold winter; sometimes only four or five were present, sometimes eighteen or twenty. Many an earnest prayer went up from that faithful few for God's blessing. The winter passed. A wedding took place in the neighborhood. A wedding was always the signal for a hilarious outburst in the community. Imagine the surprise of the superintendent when the leader in the outbursts came to him, and said:

"We have concluded to have no 'belling.' Can't you get a minister to hold a meeting in the school-house? The people feel they want one."

On that very day a minister had told the superintendent to announce an appointment for the next Sunday evening, and, if the people desired, he would continue it. The spirit of God in answer to prayer was working in the community. The meeting began, as usual in many places, to waken up the frozen church-members.

The superintendent suggested that it might as well be made a common-sense matter, and the revival could just as well begin the first night of the meeting as on the tenth, if the people were ready. An invitation for inquirers was given, and one responded; the next evening fifteen, and all of them members of the Sunday-school. It reached out, and the neighborhood was moved. Twenty-six were converted. A church was organized, and, although they have no house as yet, the church is prosperous.

The Sunday-school has gone on winter and summer ever since,—some eight years. Those young people have grown to manhood and womanhood, and most of them are earnest workers in the church, scattered as they are in several states.

There is nothing startling in this story. It is of plain, common people, working in a plain, common way,—relying on God. Others can do the same. There was no brilliant talent, no professional evangelist, no learned scholar. It seems, to-day, that it is not the five-talent men, but the one-talent men, who need to go to work in village church and country school-house to bring about a great revival.—*Sunday-school Times.*

## BREAKFAST FOR TWO.

*(By Joanna H. Mathews.)*

CHAPTER XI.—*(Continued.)*

Edward took up the morning paper, and read aloud the headings of the principal articles, and one or two items of interest, as his custom was; then, as if struck by a sudden thought, turned the paper and glanced down the column of advertisements. I saw his eye light as if he had found something for which he was seeking; and before I had time to put any questions, which I assuredly should have done, he read aloud:

"'Lost.—On Wednesday afternoon, in Twenty-sixth street, between Madison and Fifth Avenues, a stone cameo ring, heavy gold setting. It is specially valued as a relic; and the finder will be liberally rewarded by bringing it to—Fifth Avenue."

"They ain't a-goin' fer to get it!" shouted Jim, forgetting the strict orders he was under never to join, while on duty, in the conversation of the family; and, in his excitement, dropping the plate of hot cakes he was bringing. "They might as well a-kept out their ole advertise, 'cause I found it, an' I'm goin' to hole onter it! So now!"

Here the culprit was pounced upon by Thomas, who, with a portentous face, carried him off to the butler's pantry, whence he was not allowed to emerge again during breakfast. It is to be feared that the keeping of the ring would have been a venial offence in Thomas' eyes, compared to Jim's heinous and double sin of dropping the plate of cakes, and presuming to express himself with so much force in the presence of his superiors.

Feeling that the training he was receiving in these menial duties was but a stepping-stone to the presidency of the United States, and that all reproofs were, as Thomas assured him, "for his good," Jim submitted to these with marvellous docility for a youth of his stamp, and general rebelliousness; and he was now duly impressed with the enormity of his behavior. Whether it was this, or that the matter of the ring was weighing upon his heart and conscience, he was in an uncommonly depressed and subdued state the whole morning; and, by-and-by, he requested a little conversation with Milly.

This quiet talk with her changed his views on the subject of the ring; and that afternoon he sallied forth to return it to its rightful owner, obtaining the address from Milly.

He came back triumphant in the possession of a ten dollar bill, crisp and new.

"She's a nice gal, the one that lost the ring; there ain't none nicer, I guess, 'cept our Miss Milly," he said to Bill, holding up the note, which was a world of wealth to him. "I ringed the bell, an' a nigger chap—I mean a colored feller—he came to the door, an' I tells him I wanted to see the one what lived there, an' put a advertise in the paper this mornin'; an' he says, says he, 'Yer gimme it, an' I'll take it to her;' an' says I, 'No, yer don't; I'll give it to her myself, 'cause yer see I foun' out 'twas her what lost it;' an' he looked awful mad, but I telled him he needn't be rollin' up his eyes at me, an' jest then there comes down-stairs a real purty gal—young lady, I mean—an' I s'pose she seen me an' him a-lookin' daggers, an' says she, 'What's the matter?' an' yer see he had to tell her, an' I outs with the ring. She lit all up when she seen I had it; an' then she most as good as cried, swallowin' an' chokin' to keep in the tears, 'cause it was the last thing her sister gave her what's dead, she said, an' then she was smilin' like, agen, an' out with her pocket-book an' gimme this, an' shook han's, too, an' said I was an honest boy. I didn't tell her, yer know, I meant to hang onter it fust goin' off, an' only got honest this afternoon, along of Miss Milly tellin' me what was the right thing. 'Taint any odds, anyhow; this is better nor the ring, 'cause I kin get Miss Milly a beautiful Krismas present, an' somethin' for little Allie and Miss Daisy, too; an' I might have some left to buy somethin' for me an' you, Bill."

"I want to speak to yer about it," said Bill, who had borne a grave countenance during the latter portion of Jim's harangue; and the two withdrew into privacy. Jim believing that Bill intended to make some attractive suggestion respecting the disposal of the money.

"Jim," he said, "yer know yer tole me yer wanted awful bad to do some kind of a make-up, if yer could get the chance."

"Yes, an' I jest got the luck to find the way, didn't I?" answered Jim, beaming, and not yet seeing the drift of his companion. "Spendin' lots of money what's my own—my own, real honest, true an' fair—for a Krismas present for Miss Milly an' her little sisters is a beautiful make-up for what I got done for me."

"It's ten dollars, ain't it?" said Bill, significantly.

"Yes, yer know it," answered Jim, still too exultant over his good fortune to notice his tone or manner.

"An' it was ten dollars yer hooked off the ole woman to the shirt shop, wasn't it?" questioned Bill.

Bill's moral instincts were naturally finer than those of his friend and comrade, and responded more readily to the teachings he received than did those of his fellow waif.

*Jim's face flushed scarlet at this home thrust*, for he could not fail to see this point of the question.

"Yes, it was, an' yer know that, too," he answered, angrily; but ain't yer jest mean to cast it up to a feller like that?"

"I didn't mean for ter hurt yer, but yer said yer wanted so awful bad to find a make-up," said Bill, "an' it jest seemed as if yer got the chance now so fust-rate. Seems as if it was jest made straight out for yer, most as if real luck—or—or—maybe the Lord had a hand in it, ter fix it for yer."

Bill had hesitated before propounding any religious sentiment—all unused to such as he was—and it was met as he had feared and expected it would be.

"Aw, now! ain't yer turnin' awful pious?" responded Jim, scornfully; "an' I don't believe the Lord had no hand in it at all; anyway, yer oughtn't ter go for ter say he'd bother hisself puttin' luck in folks' way—but I'm a-goin' for ter give him part of it, ten cents, I guess, in the mission box nex' Sunday—an' I'm goin' to keep the rest on it for Miss Milly's, an' Miss Allie's an' Miss Daisy's Krismas, least most part on it, and the rest on it for spendin' money.

"But I thought yer wanted to get the best kind of a make-up for all what's been done for us," persisted Bill, determined to bring Jim to a right view of his obligations, if that were possible.

"An' so my way is the best," retorted Jim; "best for me, an' Miss Milly, an' the Lord, an' that's three on us, an' the ole woman only one."

And failing altogether, poor fellow, to see the moral bearings of the case, as presented by Bill, he was not to be convinced to the contrary, and refused to hear more on the subject, treating Bill with an air of offence and injured virtue which made the other servants wonder, inasmuch as such a state of things had never been known before. But they both kept the secret.

CHAPTER XII.—JIM'S CHRISTMAS GIFT.

As the evening wore on, however, Jim's moral perceptions seemed to quicken—perhaps Bill's arguments were bearing fruit—his conscience waxed uneasy, and he resolved to apply to his second conscience, "Miss Milly," to solve his doubts for him.

He would not confess to Bill, however, but made a pretence of wishing to go upstairs to see Miss Milly on some other business. We were all in the library, but he fidgeted about the hall and door until he attracted her attention, when he demanded to speak with her in private.

"Yer see, Miss Milly," he said, when he had honestly set forth to that gentle monitress all the pros and cons, Bill's arguments and objections, and his own, "yer see there'll be such a lot set up if I does my way, an' keep it, me an' the Lord, an' somebody else what I was a-goin' to do the beautifullest thing for; an' t'other way there's nothin' but the ole woman."

"And the right, Jim," said his young mistress, quietly. "And that is what the Lord loves best, the right, the true and the just; better, far better, than the giving of that which is not justly ours, and which we give to please ourselves, or to quiet our consciences."

Poor Jim plunged his hand into his pocket, taking thence an old pocket-book, discarded by some one of the family and seized upon by him as a prize; opened it, and took out the crisp ten dollar note, which he turned over and over, regarding it wistfully, while Milly watched him in silence, leaving what she had said to work its results.

"Then yer say I must give this back to the ole woman, Miss Milly?" he asked, half sulkily.

"I do not say that you must, my boy," she answered. "I have no right to say so; the money was given to you, and you may do with it what you will; but we were speaking, you know, of what is right, of what would best show your gratitude for all that has been done for you."

"Well, that's just it, Miss Milly," said the boy, his face brightening. "It's just what I want to do—the best make-up I could—keeping out a little for spendin' on myself an' Bill—Bill never went back on me afore this—an' I don't mind tellin' yer, Miss Milly, it's you I was goin' ter do that beautiful thing for, come Krismas, an' for the little young ladies too."

"And the most beautiful thing you can do for me, the best Christmas present would be to let me see you do a truly honest and noble deed, Jim," said Milly, with a heartfelt and earnest sympathy in her voice and manner. "But, Jim, you put me and the gratitude you owe to me before the Lord, and that you owe to him. Do you not know that it was his hand, his care, which brought us together that first day we met, and led me to give you the home, and the care, and the teaching which you say you are so anxious to repay in some way?"

"Do yer mean it was along of him yer took hold of me an' Bill, an' been so good to us ever since yer first seen us?" asked the boy.

"I do," said Milly, adding softly to herself: "'He hath led us by a way we knew not of.'"

"Don't it seem funny, an' Him so far off?" said Jim, thoughtfully.

"But he is not far off from those that love him, and try to do that which will please him," said Milly. "And he sees the least thing we do to show that we are grateful to him."

"Then he'll see the ten cents in the mission box," responded the irrepressible.

"He will see it, but I fear that it will grieve him more than it will please him," answered Milly.

"It's awful hard work making up for the Lord, ain't it, Miss Milly?"

"It ought not to be," said Milly, while her heart ached for the boy, as she saw his disappointed face, and heard the grieved, despondent tone of his voice. "It ought not to be, not when we remember all he has done for us."

And again, in her loving, winning way she set forth the story of the immortal sacrifice, of the glories resigned, of the pains and woes endured, of the victory won; and all for frail mankind, all, all for the poor, weak child who stood there, with ignorant, blinded soul struggling feebly upward towards the light shed by the cross.

It was not the first time by many that Jim had heard it, but it seemed new to him now; it had a power and a pathos which had never touched him before, and his whole expression and bearing had changed and softened when she finished.

"I never thought before how good in him it was," he said, gently and thoughtfully; rubbing his hands one over the other, as he presently turned away and left the room.

Milly had asked no promise, and Jim had given none, but it was easy to see that her teaching had not been without its effect, whether it was to bring about the desired result did not at once appear. Many and mighty were the struggles within Jim's heart and soul, and the immediate consequences were not edifying, as is apt to be the case with older, stronger, and better instructed souls when passing through some great crisis. He was openly disobedient and impudent to Mary Jane, purposely setting all her rules and regulations at defiance, and neglecting such of his duties as were of any assistance to her. He was fractious with the other servants, even his chum, Bill; discontented and fretful in his daily work. But the ten dollar bill still remained intact.

So the days passed on until the eve of that which was to usher in the glad Christmas morning; and all the household was in a state of glad and happy excitement and preparation for the morrow. Even Mary Jane's temper had mellowed beneath the genial influence of the season, and she was quite beaming over her pans and kettles.

Only Jim, poor, harassed Jim, remained despondent and down-hearted; and Milly, watching with anxious interest the struggles of her *protege*, and wondering what would be the result, felt her own enjoyment somewhat dampened. There was a shade of thoughtfulness on her sweet face as we decked library, dining and drawing room with Christmas greens and appropriate emblems, and her laugh rang out less gaily than usual.

We were a little late with our preparations, and the whole family were busy, while such of the servants as could be spared from their usual occupations had been pressed into the service.

Thomas was present, as also was Bill, eager, active and helpful; but Jim, who had also been called upon to help, and who had been more than usually dull and preoccupied all day, had disappeared about half an hour since, making no excuse, and giving no account of himself or his intentions.

"Hand me some more of that coarse wire, Thomas," said Edward, from the topmost step of the step-ladder, upon which he was mounted to wreath the chandelier.

"There's no more, sir," answered Thomas.

"Send one of the boys for some more," said Edward. "Girls, can you spare Bill? I must finish this room before dinner."

"O no, we can't spare him," I cried from the corner, where, with the assistance of Douglas and Bill, I was dressing some pictures with festoons of brilliant autumn leaves and delicate ferns. "Send Jim; he is not busy; at least he is not helping us. Where is he?"

"I will see," said mother, whom we would not allow to help, save by the assistance of her advice and taste. "I want to speak to the laundress, and will see if he is down-stairs, and send him."

But as she opened the door, and passed out into the hall in quest of Jim, she met the boy himself, in hat and overcoat, on his way to the front door, and evidently in great haste.

"I want you, Jim. I have an errand for you. Where have you been, and where are you going?" she asked, as he almost ran against her in his hurry.

"'Don't stop me! O, ma'am don't stop me!" cried the boy, cheeks aglow and eyes aflame. "I've made up my mind an' I'm goin' to do it; but it's awful hard, an' if I get stopped I might go back on it. Don't go ter hinder me! They'll shut up shop to-morrow, 'cause it's Kristmas day, an' if I had to wait, I know I couldn't go over the day an' keep to it; if yer ever had a thing to do that went agin yer, let me go now!"

Mother knew the story in common with all the rest of the household; and, with quick instinct, divined what he would be at. His hand was on the latch of the front door, as he stood facing her, and with a motion of her hand, she bade him godspeed. Then, heedless of the wintry wind, of the fast declining day, or the eyes of passers-by, stepped out upon the broad stone stoop, and with tears in her soft eyes, a blessing in her heart, and her stately head bent in mute reverence and thanksgiving, watched him as he flew down the street.

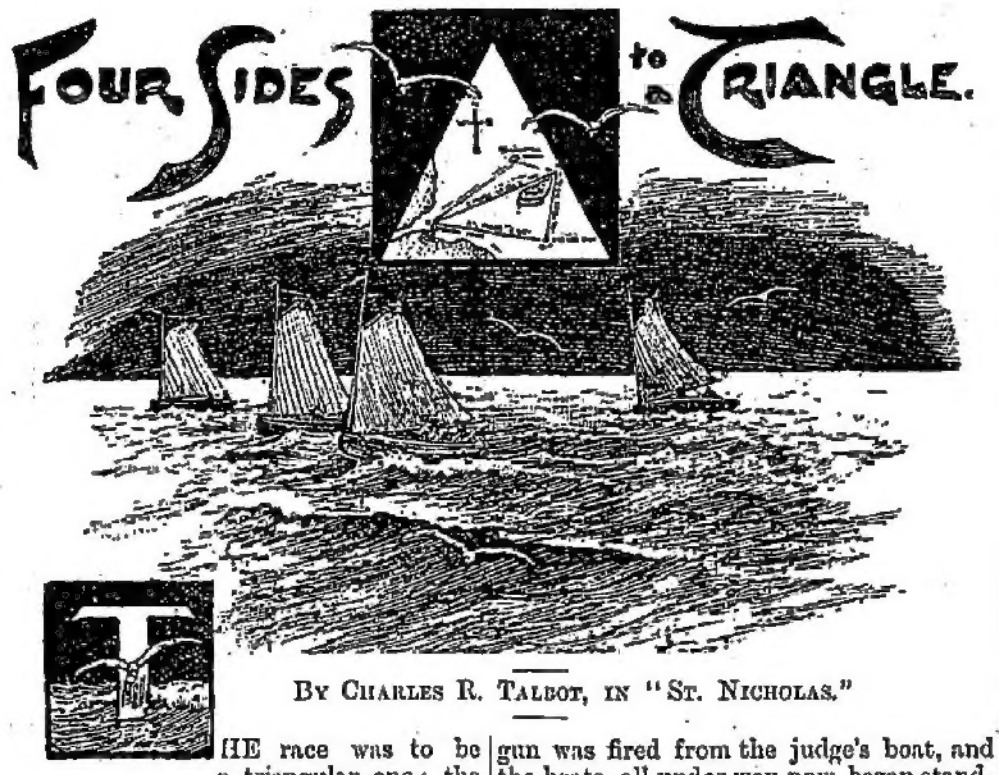
In less than an hour he was back, and, rushing into the room where Milly, Edward and I were putting the final touches to our decorations, he threw his arms about the neck of the former, regardless and forgetful of decorum and social distinctions, exclaiming:

"I done it, Miss Milly, I done it! An' now may-be it's a kind of a make-up all 'round; for him, an' for you, an' for the ole woman, too. An' I guess me an' Bill 'll feel pooty good about it too, an' yer won't none of yer care if I didn't get yer no Kristmas presents outer it."

Milly pressed the boy to her own overflowing heart, with an unspoken thanksgiving of "Glory to God in the highest," that he had been led to choose for himself the best of all Christmas gifts, a heart and conscience at peace with God and man.

And who shall say that the angels did not rejoice anew, and sing an added anthem that that once darkened heart and soul were awakened beneath the influence of the light shed upon all the earth at the dawning of the Christmas morning.

THE END.




BY CHARLES R. TALBOT, IN "ST. NICHOLAS."

THE race was to be a triangular one; the starting point off Ruggles's wharf; thence two miles and a half E. S. E. to Old Can Buoy; thence one and three-quarters miles, N. E. by N., around Wood Island; and then three miles W. by S., straight home again. It was to be sailed by the Quinnebaug Catboat Club, a youthful organization of the town of Quinnebaug, consisting of six catboats with their respective owners and crews, and having a constitution, a commodore, a club-house, and a club-signal, all its own. The prizes were given by the bishop's daughter. They were an elegant yachting ensign for the boat first in, and a brass compass set in a rosewood box for the second. The boys were enthusiastic over the prospect. There was not one of them, commodore, captain, or crew, but believed that the boat he sailed in would take either first or second prize.

Phil Carr and Horace Martin stopped at the bishop's cottage on the way down to the wharf, the morning of the race, to take a last look at the prizes. Miss Maitland herself was on the porch as they came up. Miss Maitland was a very beautiful young lady who came every summer to Quinnebaug with her father, the bishop. She took a warm interest in the affairs of the catboat club. She went into the cottage with Phil and Horace, and once more the ensign and compass were examined and admired.

"I only wish I might see this at the peak of the 'Nameless,'" said Phil, with the bunting in his hand. He spoke with the least bit of a sigh. The "Nameless" was a good boat; but, alas! there was one boat in the club, the "Flash," that up to this time had been able to show herself a better. It was to this fact that Phil owed it that Clarence Caldwell and not he himself was commodore of the club.

"I am sure I wish you might," said Miss Maitland, heartily.

Phil was a favorite with her, and there was no boy in the club to whom she would rather have awarded the prize.

"I shall try my best," said Phil.

Then Miss Maitland took from the table and held up before the boys what she laughingly informed them was a third prize, a large tin watch with a leather chain.

"This is given by my Uncle Poindexter," said she. "He has come down here to deliver a lecture for the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. You know he is full of fun. This is one of his jokes. It's a booby prize for the boat that comes in last."

"The "Nameless" won't take that, at any rate," Phil declared stoutly. "Will she, Horace?"

"No," said Horace emphatically, "the "Nameless" won't take that."

There were things that the "Nameless" couldn't do. She couldn't come in last at a race.

The day of the great race came.

Down at the wharf quite a number of people had assembled, and the boats were already preparing for the start. The "Nameless" was quickly among them, with Phil at the helm, and Horace close at hand, ready and alert at the slightest hint to do his captain's bidding. Presently the first gun was fired from the judge's boat, and the boats, all under way now, began standing about, each with the purpose of crossing the starting line at the earliest possible moment. Then, as the final minute drew near, one after another, as each found itself in position, they sprang away across the line. Bang! from the tug went the second signal; and the race was begun.

It was anybody's race for the first stretch. The wind was free, and good sailing was easy for everybody. The boats, all six, were still keeping well together as they rounded the Old Can Buoy.

From that point on, however, things were different. The breeze was forward now; and presently, with Wood Island to keep it off, there was less of it. There was a chance for manœuvring. You could make long tacks or short ones; you could lay a boat close to the wind or could keep her off; and the sailing qualities of both crafts and skippers were put more severely to the test. It soon became apparent, on this windward stretch, which were the better boats of the fleet. Two of them, before long, had drawn well ahead of the other four and seemed to be making up a match between themselves. They were the "Flash" and the "Nameless." Phil Carr's eye sparkled and his heart beat quicker as he realized the fact. This was what he wanted; indeed, it was what he had expected. He had believed all along that the two boats destined to take those two prizes were his own and Clarence Caldwell's. He had felt sure that the "Nameless" would get the second prize at least. But he intended her to take the first. And as he sat there, the tiller in one hand and the sheet in the other, and felt his boat draw and spring beneath him, Phil resolved that she should take the first. The "Flash" was not a better boat than the "Nameless." Certainly, Clarence Caldwell was not a better sailor than he. And if pluck and skill and watchfulness could do anything he meant to be in first at the finish, and not second.

The "Flash" weathered the north point of Wood Island first, however, and, standing on a few moments beyond it to make sure of deep water, was first to turn westward for the home stretch. But the "Nameless" was not far behind her; and Phil, as he cleared the island, noted a condition of things that more than counterbalanced the distance between the two boats. The wind had shifted, around here. The run home would be straight before it. Moreover it was blowing harder. Now, as it happened, this state of things was exactly what the "Nameless" wanted and what the "Flash" did not want. With the wind aft and plenty of it, the "Nameless" was always at her best and the "Flash" at her worst. Phil Carr's heart swelled exultantly as he slackened his own sheet and headed his boat homeward. Well he knew that long before that three-mile stretch was ended he would overhaul his rival and leave him behind.

Five minutes later it seemed clear that Phil's hopes would be realized. They were certainly overtaking the "Flash." The gestures of the boys on board the latter boat could now be plainly discerned. Phil gaily declared that he could see their faces grow long at the prospect of being beaten. Presently a stir was observable on board the "Flash," and then Commodore Caldwell was seen to be looking very intently through a pair of field-glasses at something off to the northward.

"There's nothing over there but Highwater Rock," said Phil, "What's he looking at Highwater Rock for?"

"Perhaps he wants to know about the tide," Horace suggested.

It was a well-known fact among the boys that the state of the tide could be at any time almost exactly determined by a look at Highwater Rock. The rock was all out of water at low tide, and was just covered from sight at high tide. It was from this fact that it got its name. It lay half a mile or so northward of where the boats now were and could be plainly seen, although only a foot or so of it was now above water. The tide was nearly in.

"Humph!" said Phil in answer to Horace's suggestion; "he wouldn't need a pair of opera-glasses to see the tide with. No," he added, after a moment, "he's looking at something on the rock. What can it be? It looks like a bird or something. Hand me the spy-glass, will you?"

So Horace brought the spy-glass from where it hung in the companionway, and Phil, giving Horace the tiller, opened it, carefully adjusted it to a mark on the barrel, and then levelled it in the direction of the rock. He had hardly done so when he uttered an exclamation:

"Why," cried he, "it's a cat!"

"A cat!" repeated Horace in astonishment. "How came a cat on Highwater Rock?"

"I don't know," Phil answered, still looking through his glass. "But it's a cat, sure. Somebody's left it there to get rid of it, maybe."

"Well, they've taken a sure way," said Horace. "The rock will be all under water in half an hour."

"Poor thing!" murmured Phil in a pitying tone. The glass brought the cat so near that it almost seemed the victim might hear him. "It's too bad. I'd stop and pick you up, if I wasn't sailing a race."

They stood on several minutes, still watching the cat with interest. It seemed too bad to leave her there. But what could be done:

"I vow!" exclaimed Phil at last. "I think Clarence Caldwell might run over there and take her off."

He spoke in an irritated tone. Possibly his own conscience was pricking him a little.

"I don't see why he should do it any more than we should," observed Horace, simply.

"I do," declared Phil. "He's going to lose the race, anyway; and it won't make so much difference to him."

Horace shook his head. "I don't believe he will look at it in that way," said he.

It would seem that the owner of the "Flash" did not look at it in that way, for he still stood on. And the "Nameless" stood on after him. But Phil still looked anxiously now and then at the cat. And presently he took to looking aft, too, where the four other boats could now be seen coming round the island.

Perhaps some of them would go over and get the cat. There was no reason they should not; they couldn't win the race.

But the minutes passed and the boats held on; and (although they must have seen her) not one of them showed any signs of turning aside to go to the rescue of the cat. Phil disgustedly gave them up at last, every one of them, as cases of utter, incurable heartlessness.

Then he looked over at the cat again. He almost fancied he could hear the poor creature's cries as the water rose about her. He turned his eyes away. He would not look at her. But he could not help thinking of her.

Then, all in an instant, he jumped to his feet, shoved over his tiller and began hauling in his sheet. The boat came up to the wind and in another moment, with her sheet trimmed well aft, the "Nameless" was running off at a sharp angle from her former course.

"Well!" uttered Horace, in blank amazement, "what's that for, I should like to know? What are you going to do?"

"I'm going after that cat," answered Phil grimly. And that was all he said.

*(To be Continued.)*

## A SAILOR'S BOLD STAND.

A little more than six years ago a friend, who is deeply interested in work for Christ among sailors, said that at close of a prayer-meeting, of which he had been the leader, a young seaman, who had only a few nights before been converted, came up to him and laying a blank card before him, requested him to write a few words upon it, because, as he said, "You will write it more plainly than I can." "What must I write?" said the friend. "Write these words, sir; 'I love Jesus—do you?' After he had written them, my friend said, "Now you must tell me what you are going to do with the card." He replied, "I am going to sea to-morrow, and I am afraid if I do not take a stand at once, I may begin to be ashamed of my religion, and let myself be laughed out of it altogether. Now as soon as I go on board, I shall walk straight to my bunk and nail up this card upon it, that every one may know that I am a Christian, and may give up all hope of making me either ashamed or afraid of adhering to the Lord." The young sailor was right. A bold front is often more than half the battle, and many a general has saved himself from being attacked by taking a bold stand. —*Christian Herald.*

"'WHY,' CRIED PHIL, 'IT'S A CAT!'"

## THAT WONDERFUL BOX.

BY LEIGH NORTH.

"Ma-ah! I've tore my pants!"

Mrs. Nelson sighed,—that patient little sigh which she was wont to accord to Johnny's grammar and Johnny's mishaps. She had tried faithfully to improve the one and minimize the other, but could not congratulate herself on the brilliancy of her success.

"Do you try to be as careful as you can, my son?"

"'Deed and double I be."

"Say I am," corrected his mother. "Well, there is nothing left but your best pair, if you put them on I don't know what can be done next. Go to bed, Johnny, till I mend these."

And as Johnny retired, solaced with an old picture book, she bent to her task of *drawing together* those ragged edges, *making*, as far as possible, bad look better.

Her thoughts went back to her girlish days and she longed for the comparative luxury of the past. Not that she would have given up the husband she so tenderly loved, or the group of active boys and girls who made life so busy and so happy; but she wearied a little, now and then, of the incessant toil, and pictured to herself the years when she had been free alike from anxiety and labor.

Twelve of them had passed since Emily Grier had stood at the altar with the man she most loved and revered, looking into a dim future with shining eyes and high thoughts of heroism and self-sacrifice. The self-sacrifice had come as she shared the daily life of a man given up to good works and who spent time and talents unweariedly in the effort to benefit his follows. But somehow the heroism seemed to fade in the light of common day as she grew accustomed to its routine, much of her husband's work appeared to be seed sown on barren ground, and alike unfruitful and unappreciated. Several times the opportunity for more lucrative service had been offered him, and wifely pride had longed for a different field, in which his gifts should be better recognized, but he had only shaken his head, saying: "With whom should I leave these few poor sheep in the wilderness?" and refused.

"Tears! why, Emily, what's the matter?" exclaimed a pleasant voice; and Mrs. Nelson raised her head and shook the drops from her long lashes, as the speaker knelt beside her and passed her arm around the still slender waist.

Meta Ross was an old friend and schoolmate, who had recently come to the place to take a position as teacher in a school, and her now frequent companionship was one of Mrs. Nelson's greatest pleasures.

"I am afraid I was sighing for the flesh pots of Egypt," she answered.

"Johnny's last pants?" queried Miss Ross, sympathetically. "He ought to be clad in steel, he's so destructive."

"Oh, not quite so bad as that," replied that young gentleman's mother, laughing. Meta Ross stood up, choking back several things she felt tempted to say. Her own resources also were too slender to carry out the wishes of her liberal soul.

"Charles," said Mrs. Nelson at dinner time, "could you let me have a few dollars? Johnny's wardrobe is getting so very low." Her husband looked troubled, as he opened the scantily-filled pocket-book.

"I don't see very well how I can, my dear, unless I give up helping poor old Tompkins with his rent. I am not expecting any money very soon. Could not you make him something out of one of my old suits?"

"I suppose you have half a dozen superfluous ones," his wife answered, smiling. "Never mind, I have thought of something." And a vision of an old blue dress she had laid aside with a view of making over for herself the ensuing winter rose before her. The old brown dress must do another year, she was very tired of it, for she loved all fresh and pretty things—but what matter?

"What a blessed little woman it is for contriving!" her husband said affectionately. "How should I ever do my work, if I had not such a helpmeet?" And, as often before, she felt repaid for the sacrifice.

Meanwhile, Meta Ross had penned a letter which was already on its way:

"DEAR MRS. UNDERHILL:

"You will remember an old friend and acquaintance, Emily Grier, who married the Rev. Charles Nelson. I am teaching now in Grahamville and see a great deal of them both. Mr. Nelson is a man of talents and capacity, but will not give up his work among these poor people for anything more remunerative. I wish you could see how faithful he is, and listen to his earnest sermons. But poor Emily has a hard time of it! There is the usual houseful of little folks which invariably accompanies a short purse and I know it is hard to make both ends meet. I long to help them, but what can I do with my small salary? It has just occurred to me that you and some of the ladies in the church who used to know Emily might get up a missionary box for them in the society. Of course it would have to be done very delicately, for they are sensitive people. But I am sure it could be done so as to be the greatest possible assistance, and I trust the matter in your hands. If you do not think favorably of the suggestion it need go no further, but, if you do, I shall be very glad to furnish the details as to size of garments, etc., so that the whole thing may be to them a pleasant surprise. Yours affectionately,

"META ROSS."

No such appeal ever came to Helen Underhill in vain. With a houseful of her own little folks she yet found time to help others, and the pile of clothing which Mrs. Underhill's deft fingers always cut out for the society was a matter of wonder to all.

She took up Miss Ross's proposal with enthusiasm, and soon the weekly gathering of ladies was busy in carrying it out. Rich and poor poured their contributions into the general treasury and such a famous box had not been sent out for many a day.

Time passed on, but one evening as Meta Ross stepped in to see her friend she noticed the expressman and, suspecting his errand, hurried forward to announce him. "Here I am," she cried, "and here also is the carrier, who I verily believe wants to introduce a small house into your noble mansion?"

And the enormous box just set down gave color to her words. In breathless surprise Emily Nelson tore open a letter that had just been handed her, and read,

"DEAR MRS. NELSON:

"Though personally a stranger to you I cannot feel so, surrounded as I am by so many of your old friends. We hope that our box may arrive in good season and give you half the pleasure to receive, it has given us in the preparation. Do not hesitate, dear friend, to enjoy it. Are we not fellow-workers in the same wide vineyard? And is it not the privilege, as well as duty, of those laboring in more cultivated portions to stretch out willing hands to such as are gleaning in harder and more distant places? May we all unite in present labor and future happiness.

Sincerely yours,

"SARAH L. KEEN,

"Secretary."

Mr. Nelson winced, as he understood the meaning of it all. Never before had he accepted such a favor, but, looking at his wife's glistening eyes and listening to the glad shouts of the little ones, he laid aside what was perhaps, after all, false pride, and rejoiced gratefully with them.

Such treasures as that box contained! a clergyman's suit of no common material, and in the pocket a cheque to be equally divided between the gratification of some personal need of Mr. Nelson's own and any special claims of church or poor that he might wish to supply. Some choice books, which he seized upon with avidity, a complete outfit of underwear, a set of shirts and handkerchiefs which rejoiced his wife's heart by their fineness, and many other things, while Emily Nelson's beauty-loving soul was satisfied with the daintily-finished crimson woollen dress and little velvet bonnet which, with so much else that was desirable, fell to her share; and a vista of leisure evenings, spent with loved, but neglected, books, spread before her as she laid out the large pile of new pants for Johnny. Every possible need and wish of each member of the family seemed to have been considered; and, to the surprise of no one more than herself, a large parcel of pretty and useful things was found in the bottom for Miss Ross. Mrs. Nelson fell upon and kissed her, exclaiming, "Ah, you witch! no wonder the things fitted so well. I see now who has had her finger in this pie!"

And of the appreciative letters that thanked the donors none was more acceptable than Miss Ross's amusing account of that evening.

Johnny was wont for years, until the severity of schoolmasters, and the jibes of his family had improved his grammar, to refer to "that 'ere box." And as Emily Nelson's sweet voice rang out in the chants of the morning service, "Go your way into his gates with thanksgiving," was the true echo of a grateful heart.—*Churchman.*

## DR. TALMAGE'S STONES.

At the opening of his new tabernacle in Brooklyn, Dr. Talmage took for his text "What mean ye by these stones," and told the story of some memorial stones which he had brought from the East. He said: It is an outrage to build a house like this, so vast and so magnificent, unless there be some tremendous reasons for doing it; and so, my friends, I pursue you to-night with the question of my text, and I demand of these trustees and of these elders and of all who have contributed in the building of this structure, "What mean ye by these stones?" But before I get your answer to my question you interrupt me and point to the memorial wall at the side of this pulpit, and say, "Explain that unusual group of memorials, what mean you by those stones?" By permission of the people of my beloved charge, I recently visited the Holy Land, and having in mind by day and night during my absence this rising house of prayer, I bethought myself, "What can I do to make that place significant and glorious." On the morning of Dec. 3 we were at the foot of the most sacred mountain of all the earth, Mount Calvary. There is no more doubt of the locality than of Mount Washington or Mont Blanc. On the bluff of this mountain, which is the exact shape of the human skull, and so called in the Bible "The place of a skull," there is room for three crosses. There I saw a stone so suggestive I rolled it down the hill, and transported it. It is at the top of this wall, a white stone, with crimson veins running through it, the white typical of purity, the crimson suggestive of the blood that paid the price of our redemption. We place it at the top of the memorial wall for above all in this church for all time in sermon, and song, and prayer shall be the sacrifice of Mount Calvary. Look at it. That stone was one of the rocks rent at the crucifixion. That heard the cry, "It is finished." Was any church on earth honored with such a memorial?

Beneath it are two tables of stone which I had brought from Mount Sinai, where the law was given. Three camels were three weeks crossing the desert to fetch them. When at Cairo, Egypt, I proposed to the Christian Arab that he bring one stone from Sinai, he said, "we can easier bring two rocks than one, for one must balance them on the back of the camel," and I did not think until the day of their arrival how much more suggestive would be the two, because the law was written on two tables of stone. Those stones marked "Mount Sinai" felt the earthquake that shook the mountains when the law was given. The lower stone of the wall is from Mars Hill, the place where Paul stood when he preached that famous sermon on the brotherhood of the human race, declaring, "God hath made of one blood all nations." Since Lord Elgin took the famous statuary from the Acropolis, the hill adjoining Mars Hill, the Greek Government makes it impossible to transport to other lands any Grecian antiquities, and armed soldiery guard not only the Acropolis but Mars Hill. That stone I obtained by special permission from the Queen of Greece, a most gracious and brilliant woman, who received us as though we had been old acquaintances, and through M. Tricoupis, the Prime Minister of Greece, and Mr. Snowden our American Minister Plenipotentiary, and Dr. Manatt our American Consul, that suggestive tablet was sawed from the pulpit of rock on which Paul preached. Now you understand why we have marked it "The Gospel." Long after my lips shall utter in this church their last message, these lips of stone will tell of the law, and the sacrifice, and the Gospel. This day I present them to this church and to all who shall gaze upon them. Thus you have my answer to the question, "What mean you by these stones?"

## IDLE JOACHIMS.

It is recorded of Martin Luther, that one day when he was almost penniless, he was applied to for money to aid an important Christian work. He reflected for a little while, being very desirous to afford some help; and he recollected that he possessed a beautiful medal of Joachim, the Elector of Brandenburg, which he highly prized. He went immediately to the drawer where it was deposited, opened the drawer, and said, "What art thou doing here, Joachim? Does thou not see how idle thou art? Come out and make thyself useful." Might not most of us find some "idle Joachims," if not in our purse, in our desk, in our drawer, in our homes? Mr. George Muller in his annual reports of his Ashley-down Orphan Houses near Bristol mentions many cases of persons sending him gold and silver plate and jewellery and pictures, etc., to be sold for the benefit of those Orphanages.

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